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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

"There are a great many things that 'they do better in France,'" says the New York "World"; "they are much better at helping a young spendthrift to keep his money." But if a young spendthrift may not part with his money, what becomes of the right of property? And if a young spendthrift ought to be helped to keep his money, what becomes of the theory, upheld almost unanimously by the newspapers, that millionaires do a service to the nation by spending their money, no matter how?

According to Mr. Hugo Bilgram, as quoted in another column, the boycott is invasive because it tends to change the rate of wages from that due to free competition. By the same logic, if the Catholic church were to add fifty to its already long list of holidays and persuade its members, comprising perhaps a fourth of the laboring population, to observe them, they reducing the supply of labor and materially affecting the rate of wages, both the church and its members would be guilty of invasion. That the invasive or non-invasive quality of an act is to be determined by its effect on the rate of wages is a most amazing proposition.

I have received from William Walstein Gordak, author of the highly entertaining bit of fiction reprinted in this issue of Liberty, a copy of a lately-published song, with violin obligato, entitled "The Rising of the Surf," the words of which were written by himself and the music by Franklin P. Flanders. Good judges tell me that the air is beautiful, and of the words it is sufficient to say that they are worthy of the author of "I'd Rather Watch the Bumble Bee." Our dear Gordak, whose name, if the American people were an appreciative people, would be known to them as that of a poet of high merit, is slowly dying in obscurity at his home in North Scituate, Mass.,—a victim of Bright's disease. (*Later.*—He is dead.)

Mr. Greevz Fisher, in another column, asks if thieves ought to provide strong rooms for the property of millionaires and tenants machinery for the collection of landlords' rents. Assuming the validity of the millionaire's title to his property and the landlord's claim of rent,—a question which Mr. Fisher is not raising.—I answer most decidedly that, next to a society including no thieves and therefore having no need of strong rooms, that in which thieves were made to pay for strong rooms and dishonest tenants were made to pay the expense of rent-collecting would be, in so far, the most nearly ideal. If Mr. Fisher had asked if the poor ought to provide strong rooms and if tenants in general ought to pay the cost of rent-gathering, then surely I would have given him the negative answer that he evidently expects. But I cannot look upon the successful imposition upon the dishonest and invasive of an aggregate of fines great enough to relieve the honest and inoffensive of the entire burden of taxation as other than a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Criticising the statement of Daniel G. Brinton, in his work on "The Basis of Social Relations," that "the aim of the community shall ever be to give each individual in it the best opportunity for the free development of his faculties," the "Saturday Review" says: "That is the supposed panacea found out by the Radicals two or three generations ago, and we have learned now that, like other quack medicines, it has introduced more harm into the body politic than it found there at the beginning." Evidently, then, it should be the aim of the community to deprive some, and perhaps all, individuals of opportunity for the free development of their faculties, and in that case it would be perfectly legitimate, and to a considerable portion of the community highly agreeable, to begin with the editor of the "Saturday Review." But, however much he might be hindered in the development of his faculties, he never could descend to a lower stage of imbecility than that indicated by the likening of non-interference as a political principle to the administration of quack medicines.

Kipling's suit against the Putnams for infringement of copyright and trade-mark in using on their edition of his works the device of an elephant's head within a circle has been decided in favor of the defendants by the United States circuit court of appeals. The court says: "The proposition that an author can protect his writings by a trade-mark is unique, and, at first blush, somewhat startling. It is certainly offensive to the æsthetic and poetic taste to place such poems as the 'Recessional' and 'The Last Chanty' in the same category with pills and soap, to be dealt with as so much merchandise." If protection of literature by trade-mark is offensive, why is not protection of literature by copyright equally so? What is the purpose of copyright legislation, if not to place poems in the same category with pills? Has it not been the continual cry of the Putnams and all other promoters of literary monopoly that the nation protects its pill-makers and fails to protect its poets? Have they not always begged to be regarded as dealers in literary merchandise? What has Kipling done but take them at their word? Logically, the decision of the court is a condemnation of literary property. It is sound, but far-reaching. A few more victories like this, and the Putnams will be undone.

The immigration laws, framed largely with a view to the exclusion of Anarchists by indirection, are resulting, as arbitrary interference generally results, in phenomena as disagreeable as unexpected. Congressman Bartholdt, who has introduced a resolution for a special inquiry into the immigration question, declares that "the falling off in the right sort of immigration is most notable among the Germans, the Irish, the English, and the Scandinavian peoples, to whose sturdy self-respect certain restrictive laws are offensive. The very class whose coming we wish most to encourage are arriving now by hundreds where they used to arrive by thousands." Do you now perceive, Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, what our formerly "Unguarded Gates" have gained by guarding?

Her Late Husband.

(King's-Hintock, 182—.)

"No—not where I shall make my own;
But dig his grave just by
The woman's with the inf[illegible]aled stone—
As near as he can lie—
After whose death he seemed to ail,
Though none considered why.

"And when I also claim a nook,
And your feet tread me in,
Bestow me, under my old name,
Among my kith and kin,
That strangers gazing may not dream
I did a husband win."

"Widow, your wish shall be obeyed;
Though, thought I, certainly
You'd lay him where your folk are laid,
And your grave, too, will be,
As custom hath it; you to right,
And on the left hand he."

"Aye, sexton; such the Hintock rule,
And none has said it nay;
But now it haps a native here
Eschews that ancient way. . . .
And it may be, some Christmas night,
When angels walk, they'll say:

"'O strange interment! Civilized lands
Afford few types thereof;
Here is a man who takes his rest
Beside his very Love,
Beside the one who was his wife
In our sight up above!'"

Thomas Hardy.

Liberty.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Important Caution.

Enemies of this paper having taken advantage of its temporary suspension to establish another in the same city under the same name, all postal communications of whatever nature, if intended for the genuine Liberty, should be addressed carefully and plainly to P. O. Box 1312, New York City, all non-postal deliveries should be made at 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 43, and all checks, drafts, and money orders should be drawn to the order of Benj. R. Tucker.

The Proposed Pamphlet.

The address on "The Attitude of Anarchism Toward Industrial Combinations" will appear in pamphlet form before the end of the current month.

Free Competition and the Boycott.

It is astonishing that any one who has read Liberty for many years with sufficient satisfaction and sympathy to feel that it merited his co-operation and support should suddenly feel himself alienated by its utterances regarding the boycott in the three issues that have appeared since its recent resumption of publication; for these utterances are founded upon, and strictly in accordance with, the principle underlying the matter, as laid down by Liberty some sixteen or seventeen years ago. That such is the case, however, with one of Liberty's ablest and most valued readers, Mr. Hugo Bilgram, of Philadelphia, is shown clearly by the following extract from a letter recently received from him:

> I must confess that I am not in sympathy with some of the sentiments expressed in the late issues of Liberty, and have now come to the conclusion that we cannot agree on the line that separates equal liberty from invasion.
>
> Absolute industrial and commercial freedom, including, of course, freedom of banking, either has or has not the tendency of bringing about a just distribution of wealth and just wages. If it has no such tendency, then liberty is a farce, and, the sooner its advocacy is abandoned, the better. But, if it has, then it is evident that any scheme tending to change the rate of wages from that due to free competition belongs in the province of invasion. As concerns myself, I am convinced that nothing but industrial freedom can establish a just rate of wages, and I am ready to actively join any crusade against interference with free competition, especially against that legal interference with the freedom of exchange that enables money and capital to exploit labor.
>
> But this is just the reason why I am strongly opposed to those abortive efforts of the labor leaders of to-day by which they dream of being able to improve the condition of the working class. Strikes, when they embrace organized efforts to prevent the employer from filling the places of the dissatisfied workmen with "scabs," and especially those forms of insane ostracism termed "boycotts," I consider to be some of the most offensive forms of despotism and invasion. They are possible only by making the people believe that free competition is the cause of the present power of capital. By confirming them in this fallacy, the chance of ever applying the proper remedy becomes more remote than ever. I cannot help but consider every organized effort to boycott, or every crusade against those who do not believe the fallacies taught by trade unionists, an invasion of equal freedom, unworthy of either defence or encouragement.

Two questions are raised by Mr. Bilgram's letter:

(1) Is Liberty wrong in maintaining that the boycott is non-invasive?

(2) Does Liberty, in so maintaining, mislead the people as to the real remedy for the evils from which they suffer?

As to the first question, Mr. Bilgram simply makes the charge that Liberty is wrong; he does not advance a single argument in support of the charge. I summon him to sustain his charge by evidence and argument, and I remind him of the point which it is necessary to dispute in order to sustain it.

On July 31, 1886, Liberty declared:

> Any individual may place any condition he chooses, provided the condition be not in itself invasive, upon the doing or not doing of anything which he has a right to do or not do; but no individual can rightfully be a party to any bargain which makes a necessarily invasive condition incumbent upon any of the contracting parties.

On December 3, 1887, Liberty declared:

> A man has a right to threaten what he has a right to execute. The boundary-line of justifiable boycotting is fixed by the nature of the threat used.

Prior to these declarations, so far as I know, the true foundation and limitation of the right to boycott had never been laid down. Since, these declarations and their corollaries have been and are still employed by the trade unions and their organs as the logical weapon with which alone the boycott may be defended. Moreover, by judicial decision, they have become a part of the law of the State of New York, and in almost the same language originally used by Liberty. Within a year or two the highest court of the State, in an opinion written by the chief justice himself, has decided that "a man may lawfully threaten to do whatever he may lawfully do."

Is Mr. Bilgram prepared to show either that these declarations are unsound, or that Liberty, lately or at any other time, has taken a position in conflict with them? If not, he is bound to confess that he is himself in error, and has been over-hasty in his withdrawal of sympathy.

As to the second question, Mr. Bilgram makes two contradictory statements: one, that the boycott is a scheme to change the rate of wages from that due to free competition; the other, that the boycott is possible only by making the people believe that free competition is the cause of the present power of capital,—in other words, the cause of the present rate of wages. The first statement implies that the existing rate of wages is the result of free competition; the second as clearly implies that the existing rate of wages is not the result of free competition. If the first statement is true, we already have, and have had, free competition, there has been no "legal interference with the freedom of exchange enabling money and capital to exploit labor," and Mr. Bilgram's talk about the "proper remedy" is superfluous and nonsensical. If the second statement is true, the boycott cannot be a scheme to change the rate of wages from that due to free competition, for it is impossible to change that which does not exist.

Moreover, even if we had always enjoyed free competition, the boycott would be a scheme to change the rate of wages resulting therefrom in no other sense than that in which the entrance of a new competitor into the market would be such a scheme. The rate of wages resulting from free competition is the rate of wages resulting from the sum total of non-invasive forces affecting wages. If the boycott is a non-invasive act (a point to be settled under the head of the first question), it is a legitimate factor in the free competition that determines the rate of wages.

Liberty keeps free competition ever to the front as the sole solution of the so-called labor troubles. If it attacks those who deny the right to boycott, it does so because it is necessary to do so in order to show what free competition really means,—because the same principle, the principle of equal liberty, justifies the boycott that justifies free competition. To do otherwise would be a betrayal of this principle. Liberty will remain true to liberty everywhere and in everything. T.

A Humorist.

The "Monthly Review" begins with a little sketch of the characteristics of the Titan,—to wit, England. The Titan, we learn, is a pretty good fellow, and pretty well able to take care of himself in general, though he now and then gets into energy-absorbing situations in South Africa and elsewhere. One of the Titan's finest points is his sense of humor. Now and then he loses it temporarily, and then he begins to talk about "methods of barbarism" and so on, and it is bad for him; but the sense of humor always comes back soon, and clears his mental sky. And so on.

Now, this is hard on some folks—very hard. The plain meaning is that all we who have been talking about barbarism in the Transvaal and Luzon, from the most raving Anarchist to the fogiest anti-imperialist, must lack a sense of humor, or we wouldn't talk so. If one has such a sense, all these reports about burning lonely farmhouses on the ground that none but non-combatants are found in them, and consequently the men of the family are presumably out on commando; about holding a pistol to a young man's head to make him take an oath of allegiance, and then subjecting him to the penalty of treason for breaking that oath; about giving a priest the water-cure till the unexpected and unfortunate weakness of his constitution causes him to expire,—will naturally suggest a jolly laugh. If their primary suggestion to any man's mind is other than this, the man is de-

fective; he is even like the owlish dryasdusts of the Hague Convention, who are responsible for having inserted in our present international law the humorless statement that certain of these things are not now part of civilized warfare.

I say, this is a very serious charge. For in our day the sense of humor is the most sacred part of man's mental make-up. Lacking a sense of right and wrong is as fashionable as lacking a vermiform appendix; you may see men going around bragging most proudly that they have no conscience, when perhaps the best proof of their conscienceless ness is the whacking lie that they tell in saying they have none. Or you may tell a man that he has no sense of logic, and he will not make the least objection. There are even a few grinds who do not much mind saying or hearing that they have no sense of beauty. But the man has not been found in our generation who will voluntarily say that he has no sense of humor, or to whom you can say it without giving serious offence—unless he thinks that you said it in joke. So it is a horrible thing that we are charged with.

And there is too much reason to believe that it must be true. If these things affected normal human nature as they affect us, surely the mass of the people would not acquiesce so readily in doing them. Grant, as the defenders of such work usually argue, that we must do it in order to prevent somebody else from doing the same thing on his account: it seems to *us* that, if we cannot banish such abominations from the world, at least we would rather not do them ourselves, but leave them to those who may delight in them. Yet John Bull and Brother Jonathan, who are both notoriously fond of shouting that "in this free country I am the government, and the government's act is my act," do prefer to do these things rather than leave an opportunity for another to do them. It must be that we objectors are afflicted with some abnormality that keeps us from seeing the world as others see it; and doubtless this lack of humor is the whole secret.

Do not object that the anti-imperialists are numerous enough to be reckoned a normal element. In the first place, they seem to be badly outnumbered on both sides of the water; in the second place, they seem to have a good deal of humor after all, only not quite a full supply. For they are almost all imperialists as regards home affairs. The Transvaal should be independent, if it wishes, but Ireland should not. Luzon should not be coerced; but, if any Vermont town having twenty adult male inhabitants fails to elect town officers and organize a government, then the county sheriff shall collect two hundred dollars (I believe that is the sum) from the property of any man in town, and, if the sheriff fails to do so, then any man who likes may collect two hundred dollars from the sheriff. Aguinaldo is something of a hero for resisting our kinsmen; but, when Frank Shaw, jailed for shooting deer out of season, breaks jail and shoots one of the officers who pursue him, then he is a murderer, to be hunted down and hanged. The humorousness of these things is apparent enough at close range; it is only when they get into another hemisphere that they get beyond the range of the ordinary anti-imperialist's smile. Consequently, we who don't see the fun in them near or far, cannot claim that, after all, we are just like these neighbors of ours.

Indeed, one of the notable results of the recent wars is the growing sense of this parallelism on the part of a very large number of people. When the Americans were howling over Spanish atrocities in Cuba, Tucker said he could see no sense in friends of government complaining because insubordination was put down by such means as every government must necessarily use in the like case: "Government, good knaves, is government." He was a voice in the wilderness then; now he is orthodox. The existence of reconcentration camps was the crowning feature of Spanish barbarity in Anglo-Saxon eyes five years ago; to-day the Anglo-Saxons of both hemispheres accept reconcentration camps as a necessary incident in subduing a stubborn rebellion, and have even (here certainly, and in England too, so far as I know) adopted General Weyler's name for the institution we abhorred him for inventing. It is not only the Anarchists who perceive that, if South Carolina should secede again, and if the descendants of Marion and Sumter should repeat the tactics of the Swamp Fox, eighty or ninety per cent. of the anti-imperialists would approve of prosecuting the war even—if necessary—to the use of the same methods that they condemn in the Philippines.

We are an abnormal crew,—we who call the whole thing barbarism. Shall we pray, then, to be given normal senses? Would we take the gift? Now we suddenly feel able to put ourselves in the place of that woman we have derided, who was glad she didn't like oysters, because, if she did, she should eat them, and she hated them. The thought of becoming friendly to the works of government is repulsive enough to override all wishes. I should like to be such a man as neighbor John Smith—I should then be a healthier, nobler, more useful man; but, if I were to accept the transformation at the expense of approving the things which he approves, it would be treason to my soul.

And may we doubt whether it is altogether our defect. For it is not beyond us to see fun in all this. On the contrary, it all does appear to us exceedingly ridiculous, and we have been known to enjoy a laugh over it. But we see something else, that others seem not to see as we do. We see the vileness of it. For practical purposes we weigh the vileness more than the humorousness; and we cannot think that any one to whom the vileness was fully apparent would do otherwise. It may not be normal in us to see the vileness so clearly; and our hyperesthesia may be uncomfortable; and it may be very true that the highest development of man is in increasing his likings rather than his dislikes. Nevertheless, hyperesthesia is not a disease, unless the sensations lack clearness, or cause pain under wholesome or unavoidable conditions; and pain is profitable when it warns us off from that which would destroy part of our life; and we know with great clearness that these things which pain us are not wholesome to us and our neighbors,—and they are not unavoidable, for they shall be changed.

Humor, to work best, should be in perfect good humor. When a man is bombarding villages for the sake of keeping a certain territory under the operation of the rule that those who will not obey peaceably shall be bombarded, and his humor makes him laugh at those who object, it is misconnected humor. It is a humor that can see the ridiculousness only where prejudice has pointed out the way: a one-eyed, crook-backed, ill-tempered humor. And, if a prudent man dared set himself up to judge others in this lofty and "tetchy" matter of the sense of humor, might not the prudent man say that the solemn ass who writes for the "Monthly Review" had displayed unconscious humor in setting up as a standard so very defective a sense as his own? STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Twentieth-Century Benevolence.

A short time since the Pennsylvania Railroad granted an unsolicited advance of wages, which, it was estimated, would add some three millions yearly to the income of its employees. This exemplary magnanimity was duly trumpeted on every hand. But, ere the pæans had ceased to rend the grateful air, it was discovered that the Pennsylvania Railroad had increased its freight charges to make good the higher wages.

On one article alone, coal, it appears, the rise in transportation rates will bring in upwards of twenty million dollars a year. Even a paper so eminently respectable as the Boston "Herald" can see the lordly avarice beneath the cloak of profit-sharing philanthropy.

As the lot of wage-earners goes, the employees of the Boston Elevated Railroad have no strong reason for dissatisfaction. They have been receiving as high wages under favorable conditions as men similarly employed obtain anywhere. Throughout the coal famine the Elevated Railroad men were able to purchase coal of the company at cost, or a little more than half the price in the open market. Not content with this mark of friendly interest in their employees, the directors have unexpectedly added ten per cent. to the pay of the men, and launched a comprehensive scheme of bonuses, gratuities, and pensions to its faithful and meritorious workers. The net result will be the payment in extra wages of a quarter of a million dollars annually.

Though the magnates who in their wisdom have performed this generous act cannot recoup themselves after the manner of their brethren in Pennsylvania, they are no less astute, prompted by the same enlightened selfishness. Already this corporation has received gratuitously from the people of Boston a complete monopoly of the street-car service. Recent occurrences have shown that among legislatures, governors, and other high functionaries there is a tendency to lend a sympathetic ear to workmen on strike. Now, a strike of only a few weeks might not only lose to the corporation a sum greater than the annual cost of this increase of pay, but might also direct attention to the privileges it enjoys in free public franchises, through which competition has been practically got rid of.

As far-seeing capitalists, imbued with what Mr. Ghent would call the seignorial spirit,

they deem it advisable to share a portion of their profits with the rank and file, who thus become more amenable to the semi-military organization into which corporate service has developed. By diligent and faithful service the enlisted laborers will doubtless evince their appreciation of the kindness thus bestowed upon them. WILLIAM BAILIE.

The Fallacy of Democracy.

That government is best, we know, which governs least,—which interferes and invades least. In this sense, it is obviously true that government by a benevolent and (say) Spencerian autocrat who believed in limiting compulsion to common action for the protection of life, property, and personal liberty, would be preferable, from an Anarchistic point of view, to government by a meddlesome, ignorant, and aggressive democracy. Still, historically speaking, democracy is an advance upon autocracy or oligarchical rule, and should be recognized as such.

But what is the "theory" of democracy? What is the scientific and ethical justification of the rule of numbers, of government by the odd man? Why have fifty-one persons the right to control, regulate, dictate to, interfere with forty-nine persons living in the same community? There is no theory of autocracy or of oligarchical rule which intelligent and reasonable men would entertain for a moment. Is there an entertainable theory of democracy?

A writer in a recent number of the "Contemporary Review," E. R. Newbigin, attempts to set forth *the* theory of government by democracy. Individualistic defenders of "limited democracy"—believers in unlimited majority rule are entitled to no attention—should consider and discuss Mr. Newbigin's theory. Are they satisfied with it, or have they a better one? In attacking an institution self-respecting men of any intellectual force insist on knowing the strongest arguments available in support of that institution. The really strenuous do not care for easy victories; these they leave to the Falstaffian or Rooseveltian fighters.

Mr. Newbigin admits that democratic *government* is an absurdity. He fairly summarizes the objections to government by the majority. Thus he writes:

> The great heart of the people, we often hear, is sound and may be trusted when great issues are at stake. In other words, the most important issues on which the democracy is called upon to vote appeal to the sense of fairness, generosity, justice, love of truth, and so on, all of which are to a considerable extent independent of education. Assuming this to be true, the broad question remains: Are the majority any more likely than the minority to give a decision in accordance with the dictates of morality? Can it be seriously maintained that, with the majority of inhabitants in any country, devotion to righteousness and truth will habitually outweigh self-interest, where these conflict? Let us ask ourselves: Was it only tyrants and oligarchies, and never majorities, that were guilty of stoning the prophets? Certainly, if wisdom does not dwell in majorities, no more does goodness.

It is *not* true that the most important issues determined by democracies are moral rather than material. Nearly every economic question has its moral side, of course; but the tariff issue, for example, was never seriously discussed on its moral side. The American democracy has accepted protection on economic grounds, and it is notoriously incompetent to form an opinion upon any one of the sub-questions involved. Again, in 1896, in spite of the cant of fools and humbugs, the gold *vs.* bimetallism issue was essentially an economic and practical question, requiring knowledge and reasoning power. "The full dinner pail" argument decided *that* contest. But this is parenthetical. To proceed.

Having admitted that the rule of the majority will not of itself necessarily result in the greatest good even of the greatest number, much less of all, Mr. Newbigin must, it would seem, render a verdict against democracy. But at this point the new theory that is to vindicate democracy emerges.

Most of the difficulties, we are told, which the conception of democratic government involves arise out of the failure to keep in mind the line of separation between the work of governing, which belongs to the few, and the work of selecting, watching, and controlling the governors, which belongs to the many. In reality, democracy "represents the reciprocal play of expert judgment and common sense."

That is, the people, the non-experts, merely *elect* the governors; the actual work of government and administration is done by experts. The voters read the programmes and platforms of the various groups of experts competing for mastery, and, with the aid of common sense, decide to which of the groups power and control shall be entrusted.

Let us accept this theory, and see how many of the "difficulties" we get rid of in this easy way. Since the experts must appeal to the non-experts, the latter must have sufficient knowledge to examine, grasp, and pass upon the claims, promises, and proposals of the former. Granting that the majority has more common sense than the minority, simply because it *is* the majority,—a violent and gratuitous assumption!—the question is whether common sense is equal to the solution of the problems of modern government. Can the question of gold *vs.* bimetallism be settled by common sense? Can the question of asset-based currency, or the old controversy between the protectionists and free traders?

Again, if the "experts" were all honorable, sincere, and disinterested men,—men merely desirous of realizing their ideas as to public policy and administration,—the problem of the non-experts would be greatly simplified. But many (to be moderate) of the experts are dishonest, tricky, selfish, sophistical, and demagogical, and their "campaigns of education" are elaborate efforts to mislead, confuse, and deceive. Think, then, of the complexity of the problem before poor, plodding, painstaking common sense. Is the expert honest? Is he really an expert, or a quack and pretender? What is the alleged expert's *real* platform as distinguished from his vote-catching platform? These are some of the things the non-expert must determine before he can make his choice. How many of the voters are able, intellectually and temperamentally, to determine these essential pre-requisites of an intelligent ballot?

Glance at the realities of the political world. In the United States Hanna, Quay, Platt, Aldrich, Roosevelt, are the "experts" directly or indirectly elected to govern. In England Joe Chamberlain, the expert war-maker and audacious wrecker, is the leader of the governmental experts. What a triumphant vindication of common sense!

Mr. Newbigin is not unmindful of these objections to his theory. In one passage he gives his whole case away. "What guarantee have we in practice," he asks, "that the mass of the people will fall in with the views of the wisest and most far-seeing of their would-be leaders?" And he avows frankly that we have no guarantee whatever. He admits the danger residing in appeals by scoundrels and self-seekers to passions, prejudices, and low instincts. He says:

> The most dangerous kind of appeal to unworthy motives is that which flatters national or race prejudice, and the insidiousness of such appeals lies in the garb of virtue which is thrown around the passions they excite. Nothing is easier than for national aggression, greed, and militarism to masquerade as patriotism and burning zeal to spread abroad the blessings of civilization. The fighting instinct is a fundamental factor in human nature, and, once it is fairly aroused, appeals to reason and conscience are vain. The admission of the seriousness of this danger brings home to our minds a fact we should never lose sight of, — namely this, that democracy cannot lay claim to be in itself a guarantee of progress; it does however certainly claim to be the most favorable *condition* under which progress can be made.

Now, the last sentence completely disposes of the new theory of democracy. It is an admission that the majority *cannot* choose the right men for the right places. And, if the people can neither govern nor choose governors; if democracy is not a guarantee of progress and the greatest happiness of the greatest number (even),—then the new defence of democracy is no more valid or substantial than the old one.

To say that the democratic form of government is the most favorable *condition* of progress is merely to say that it is more favorable than autocracy or despotism or oligarchical rule. This is a good argument for refusing to revert to the forms named, but it is not in any sense a theory of democracy.

The truth is that democracy, majority rule, cannot be scientifically justified. It rests on a fallacy, or on a jumble of fallacies. It cannot stand. It will either collapse and give place to despotism, benevolent or other, or it will gradually transform itself into Anarchism—a politico-social system based on the definite principle of equality of freedom, in which there is neither majority nor minority rule. S. R.

It is many years since we have been reminded by the orthodox economists that the volume of money has no bearing on the world's prosperity, and that a single silver or gold dollar, if sufficiently divisible, would mediate the world's exchanges quite as effectively as any number of millions of them. Every orthodox economist now admits what every orthodox economist used scornfully to deny,—that elasticity is an essential attribute of an adequate circulating medium. In these later years it has been the fashion to meet the advocates of free banking,

who are the only real advocates of an elastic currency, with the objection that, however justifiable free banking may be in theory, in practice it would not add appreciably to the volume of the currency, since the deposit and check system, which settles ninety-eight per cent. of the aggregate volume of commercial transactions, has already satisfied all demands in that direction. But now apparently even this objection is to be relegated to companionship with its predecessor in the *limbus fatuorum*. With astonishment, amusement, and satisfaction I note in a recent editorial in the New York "Evening Post" this remarkable admission: "Under our present system the banks cannot issue their credit in the form of circulating notes at all. They can issue notes, but they are no part of the bank's credit. The banks must invest more capital in procuring the notes than they get back by issuing them. Their power to accommodate the business community is, therefore, restricted to the deposit and check system, which is probably not more than one-half of the potential utility of a good banking system." It was necessary to advance this argument in order to supply an excuse for the pending Fowler bill, the purpose of which is to extend the privilege and power of the banking monopoly without endangering its grip, allowing greater play for its policy of fast and loose, but holding its victims with a tether which, at its longest, ends far this side of free competition. Nevertheless resort to such an argument is a little dangerous. Monopoly should not be too fast in exhausting its excuses. Not only is there danger that the *limbus fatuorum* will be overcrowded, but every banishment to the paradise of fools brings nearer the realization of the paradise of the wise.

The New York "Sun" calls the Littlefield anti-trust bill "a political fraud." That it is, exactly. But what is the "Sun" itself, seeing that it continues to support the party and the administration that are responsible for this fraud? Last fall it advised the election of Republican congressmen, although the trust programme of the administration was perfectly clear, the Knox doctrine having been promulgated in the Pittsburg address. The "Sun" may regard the Democratic party with even greater horror and dislike than it does the Republican, but that does not excuse its conduct. Nothing compels it to support either. It is free to advocate the formation of a new party, and there is such a thing as independence. If the Littlefield bill, founded on the Knox theory, is "monstrous" and fraudulent and fatal to industrial stability, then the "Sun" is an accessory after the fact to the crimes planned by the party it denounces.

Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, of Cincinnati, says that gambling is wrong not because the results are determined by chance, but because success on one side involves failure on the other side. The "Public" endorses this very much as if it had never been said before. In fact, however, it is neither new or true. If every activity in which success on one side involves failure on the other is wrong, then competition is wrong. But both Mr. Bigelow and the "Public," as orthodox Single Taxers, are stanch champions of competition, and therefore cannot logically condemn gambling on a ground that requires them to condemn competition as well. The truth is that to gambling, considered as a sport, there is no objection whatever, unless everything involving contest is to be adjudged objectionable, while the only objection to gambling, considered as a vocation, is that it adds nothing to the total wealth of the world. And even this objection is not decisive, for, although the gambler's vocation is not productive in a material sense, it nevertheless affords opportunity for the satisfaction of a human desire which, if indulged rationally, gives more pleasure than pain, and therefore it is beneficial as long as the line of moderation is not overstepped. In gambling, as in many other things, it is only intemperance that is vicious.

One of the literary journals, chronicling authors' preferences in comparing their own works, says that Edmund Burke thought most of his "Vindication of Natural Society." Naturally he had greater respect for himself when uttering what he believed to be the truth than when lying to gain political preferment.

Trusts and Militarism.

To the Editor of Liberty:

It is indeed pleasant to find Liberty revived, and to have the opportunity of reading Mr. Tucker's splendid address on industrial combinations.

In his analysis of the effects of tariff, Mr. Tucker must command the support of every lover of freedom. The purpose and method of taxation is of the utmost practical and theoretical importance.

Paradoxical as it may seem, unprincipled taxation is not only one of the greatest effects, but is also one of the greatest causes, of war. The duties collected in custom houses are not based upon an equitable principle, and the importance of frontiers is owing mainly to machinery necessary for the manipulation of these imposts. In their absence the other great cause of war — the personal ambition of royal families — would be practically inoperative.

Before the politicians — who are all foolish and dishonest — can be induced to any useful activity for the eradication of the plague of standing armies, there must be a general appreciation of the only just theory of public revenue. It is that every penny contributed should be a voluntary payment by an individual who desires to pay this money in order to secure a specific governmental service in return, — somewhat similar to the payment of postage as it would be under a sound classification of postal matter.

Politicians, misled by certain economists, have enacted taxation on all sorts of principles except this righteous one. Taxes have been levied upon luxuries, upon income, upon foreign-made goods, and upon bases absolutely opposed to justice; and public revenue has been expended upon a multiplicity of operations equally inconsistent with the sound and only fair purposes of government.

Government has only one correct function and one righteous source of revenue, — the administration of justice. Taxation in general is very like blackmail which we pay a big thief to get him to prevent other and smaller thieves from plundering us. Every other operation of life and of commerce is better in private hands. The competition of the struggle for existence is a self-acting corrective and perfective force for securing the best performance of all mutual services. Possibly even justice itself may eventually be left to competing agencies, but at present it is generally received as axiomatic that individuals must not take the law into their own hands.

The benefits of government are undoubtedly much greater, more important, and more costly in relation to the rich than to the poor. He whose wealth is protected gets more advantage and at greater cost than he who is prevented from stealing it. But ought the thieves to be those who should provide strong rooms to lock up the property of millionaires? Or ought tenants to pay for the machinery by which their landlords' rents are levied?

Every obstacle, such as frontier custom houses, placed upon the free exchange of services between men wherever they may happen to dwell is a most mischievous tyranny. The people who fail to see this are themselves, consciously or unconsciously, so unjust that they demand standing armies in their own and in other countries. There is no real freedom of trade where custom and excise duties are imposed. The sending of Parisian goods to London market is no reason for tax-gatherers, with soldiers in the background, to mulct the buyers or the sellers; but the enormous funds raised by these and other species of blackmail are themselves a cause of the expenditure upon useless and harmful armaments.

It is quite erroneous to suppose that militarism assists capitalist commerce. Free trade is a more potent aid to the gains arising from exchange than can possibly be obtained in any other way.

Taxation of income is a most abominably unfair and illogical impost. Government may protect life and property, and may uphold contracts, but it cannot help the protected life, property, and contracts to make gains. It may fairly claim to be paid for what it does, but has no title to exact payment for a function which it neither performs nor assists.

If a few politicians had just a glimmer of light upon the true principle of taxation, — payment to government for service rendered, — there might be some early hope for the world. But the most important thing is for the people to realize this for themselves. The politicians must follow, if the people will not be misled.

The crying need of the hour is a universal strike against unjust taxes. Nearly all our taxes are unjust. Some few stamp duties are not so. With this exception all taxes are based on rotten, tyrannical, and illogical principles. If we could tear down the custom houses, the forts and the fleets would soon rust for want of employment,

> And man to man the world o'er
> Would brithers be and a' that.

To abolish war the nations must abolish all unjust taxation, — especially frontier taxes, as well as passports and other hindrances to free passage from territory to territory.

The special hindrances to liberty embodied in unjust taxation both in frontier tariffs and in imposts on income, etc., are grievously oppressive on the poor, while they are but lightly felt by the rich. All such differences in the pressure of government extortions have the effect of aggrandizing wealthy individuals and corporations.

As for the other agencies which Mr. Tucker calls monopolies, their nature and effects are open to question, and may possibly be discussed in a later letter.

GREEVZ FISHER.

78 *Chapel-Allerton, Leeds, England.*

The Calabrian Robber and the Governor.

[Rockland Free Press.]

Muscadello, king of the forest, monarch of the mountains, the sometimes beneficent, the always munificent, the ever magnificent, stole quietly into the governor's palace. He was used to stealing; it was his trade. But little caution was needed at this particular juncture. "Drowned all in Rhenish or the sleepy mead" were the members of the governor's home guard. In other words — brandy.

It seems that the custodian of custards, keeper of the privy seal (in a tank), and captain of the watch (3 in one) had received a present that morning in full-quart bottles. At 11.35 P. M. conditions were somewhat reversed, — the glass was empty and the carabineers were plethoric. This may have been a coincidence.

But, as I said before, the ever-cautious Muscadello entered the palace without ostentation, and, after groping awhile along the regal corridors, stood at last face to face with the portal that opened into the

governor's private office. Ever a man of action, he tried the ivory knob; it yielded easily; and noiselessly, like a leak in the water-pail, he advanced into the room. The governor was sitting in a morris chair reading the — "Evening Liar"; he had a cigarette in his mouth, and a pitcher of iced lemonade reclined hard by. Glancing accidentally from his paper, his eyes rested upon the figure of a man. Startled for an instant, he leaped to his feet, and cried: "Whence and what art thou?" [That was Milton all right.]

"I am Muscadello," pleasantly replied the famous bandit, with a smile and bow.

"Oh, the deuce you are! Take a chair, Musky, old boy. Have a smoke?"

"Not on your life. I have never smoked a cigarette, and, by the help of God, I never will. It is against my morals."

"All right. Have a drink, then."

"Thanks. After your Excellency."

A slight pink flush, like the dawn of the social revolution, suffused the countenance of the illustrious host, and in a constrained voice he asked:

"Oh, come off! I am no descendant of Lucretia Borgia, but," he added, almost insolently, "to what may be attributed the honor of this midnight visit?"

"I came to arrange my — taxes," replied the brigand, beginning to get a little excited himself.

"Hush! Don't speak in that tenor robusto tone of voice. These walls have ears." The governor was as pale as death.

"Nothing unusual about it, is there?" questioned the robber, noticing the disturbance in the magistrate's nerve-centres. "I admire your parks, your schools and colleges; I think highly of your public buildings, and your roads that lead toward the mountains: in fact, I appreciate much of the public work done in Calabria. I would like to contribute my just share to this beneficent effort in aid of the poor. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do," thought the governor. But he said aloud: "Signor Muscadello, words cannot express the gratitude which I feel at the kind commendation you have given us. We have humbly tried to do our duty. It has been up-hill work sometimes, and our hearts have almost failed us. Demagogues, anarchists, cranks of all sorts, have tried to incite the ignorant against us in every insidious way and manner. But, cheered by the thought of our Divine mission and by the happy faces of the dear little children that gambol about our streets, we have taken courage again, and have pressed forward with renewed vigor to our glorious goal. We have nearly crushed the bane of cigarette smoking in our cities; the curse of intoxicating liquor has been sensibly diminished; we have obtained large appropriations for our glorious army and navy, for schools and pensions; we have large subsidies to build up our lost merchant marine, and ——"

Muscadello sprang to his feet. "Oh, cheese it!" he cried, with a mingling of contempt and resentment in his voice. "Are you drunk at 1.07 in the morning? What the h—ll do you take me for — a farmer, or a town meeting?"

Like our own charming Senator Side-whiskers, the governor of Calabria, Giovanni Smithi, was a handsome man. He would have made a good floor-manager. It takes some of the shining qualities of a floor-manager to make a good governor. He had not "the thin, blue lips of the oppressor" which the lamented boy Shelley mentioned; but he had a wide mouth, the surest index of substantial success. All his years of political triumph had not given him the swelled head, but he was fully conscious of his power. He had dark eyes and an olive complexion; but the heritage from his father, who was an Englishman, had given him light, curly hair. He did not stomach being rudely interrupted by a hunted outlaw. Brushing his auburndale locks back from his forehead, he turned to Muscadello, and said:

"Do I look like a fool?"

"No," replied the robber, "but you act amazingly like one."

The governor sprang to his feet. "Don't be too fresh," he cried. "If I say the word, in five minutes you are a dead man."

"The word will not be said," replied the robber, nonchalantly.

"You do not understand the situation. When I offered you a smoke, I touched a secret wire that communicates with the headquarters of the soldier police. There a graphophone spoke as follows: 'Greeting. Suspicious looking man has entered the grounds. Surround the palace with one hundred carabineers. Let none pass or repass. Await the secret signal. Viva Italia! Sincerely, The Governor.'"

The governor watched the face of the brigand intently. Instead of the aspect of surprise and marble consternation which he expected to see, he was met by a most winning smile.

"Say, Gov., let's have another drink; you make me tired."

Giovanni Smithi was no fool; he saw immediately there were figures in the combination with which he had not reckoned.

"You depend on the vendetta," he said, tentatively. "If I should touch a hair of your head, my life would not be worth so much as that of Old John Brown, who, with half a dozen men, tackled a million of the slave-driving fraternity. But you make a mistake. I do not care to live."

"What! — you? With everything coming your way." The robber was indeed surprised — and showed it.

"I do not like my job. The only woman I ever seriously admired treats me with laughing disdain. She says I am pimp and procurer for human fiends."

"But you are rich and powerful."

"I am neither one nor the other. It takes a million dollars a year to run my stock farm. I have scarcely money enough to purchase the running mate of lemons" (he gazed regretfully at the iced lemonade now getting low in the pitcher).

"But you are the most powerful governor in all Italy."

"I can drive men around. But I cannot for a moment command my own happiness. Grave doubts assail me. I see the Italian peasantry migrating to America to do the roughest and hardest labor, driven around like dogs by Irish and Yankee bosses. There are three million children in Italy to-day on the very verge of starvation."

Muscadello sat in saddened silence. The governor recommenced. "With you it is different. You have tons of gold and silver hidden in the almost inaccessible caverns of the southern Apennines. It was the Scotchman, Carnegie, who said: 'It is a terrible disgrace for a robber to die rich!'"

Muscadello had often thought of this same thing himself. But he had bound by the most solemn oaths his loyal band to distribute, in case of his demise, nearly the whole of his immense fortune among the poor of Italy. He could not very well communicate this fact to the governor, as it might be bad for his health. He remained silent.

The governor arose; he stretched his arm along the wall:

"Have you one word — one single word — to inform me why I should not surrender you to the constabulary, and thereby deliver Italy from her greatest pest?"

"You ask for one word. Here it is: ANNITA."

The governor's arm dropped as if paralyzed. He raised it again in almost feverish haste, and touched a secret button in the wall. A bell rang in the central office. A graphophone began to clear its husky throat:

"Greeting: It was a false alarm. Call off the troops immediately. Give each soldier an ice cream at my expense, and send him to bed. Ever of thou. The Governor."

The mystery was explained. Annita Forscari was held for a ransom, or as a hostage, or both. Nothing else would account for the utter *sang froid* of the most wanted man in Italy.

"What is your price?" asked the governor, and his voice rang hoarse and a little shaky.

"There you go again. How many breaks do you usually make before breakfast? When did I ever hold a woman for ransom, save in the case of Hetti Grena?"

"Then she is held as hostage alone?"

"In the first place, let me give you a bit of information. Annita Forscari is an old-time friend of mine. We were both born in Spezzano, and were playmates in early youth. She came to me two days ago, and insisted that I should have an interview with you. She knew of your proposed expedition against me, — an undertaking that the king himself would not dare to inaugurate, — and feared the ultimate result to two of her dearest friends."

"Did she say that?"

"Sure. And, moreover, she seemed a deal more solicitous about your welfare than mine."

Man wants but little here below. A few simple words had changed the whole aspect of life for Giovanni. It was true then — what he had only hoped for in his most extravagant dreams. She was even now risking her life for him in the fastnesses of the Calabrian sierras. A joyful light sprang into his large dark eyes. He was handsome enough before; now he was superbly so. Muscadello noticed the transfiguration of the man, and was pleased.

"As I was about to say," recommenced the brigand, "I tried everything to induce her to return home. I protested, stormed, and threatened. I showed her the risk she ran, should I not return. But you can't do much with the Forscari women. She had her own way, as she knew she would, and as I knew she would from the start."

"But I am puzzled," said the governor; "I am actually puzzled —"

"No need of that," returned the robber. "The case is as straight as a string. I wish to avoid unpleasantness for the sake of all of us. I think it can be done. I am here —"

"To arrange your — taxes, I suppose," jokingly interrupted the governor. "In short, you wish to shut me up — you robber."

"Wait a bit," answered Muscadello, his face growing a little stern. "You are a trifle loose with words. Give me the appellation bestowed upon me by Annita — the 'Restitutor.'"

"The — devil! What are you driving at now?"

"I will show you. What do people surrender money to governments for without protest, unless it is to get more than they give. The monopolists have sung 'Hush a Bye Baby' to you and the other politicians for years with great effect. The first thing a monopolist wants, to make his business sure, is a good, strong, extravagant government. It is the only thing that can keep the people on the verge of starvation: a poverty-stricken people cannot gather strength enough to throw off the joke. It does it slyly, too. Taxes being settled by money, and not directly by the producer in products, gives the impression that the rich mainly contribute to the support of governments. The exact reverse is the truth. All taxes are wrung from poverty. The reason why this fact is not obvious is that in multitudes of men reason has been eliminated by the direct action of evolution. With reason goes her younger sister, Virtue. With some men they lie in abeyance, like turtles in the mud. If you will have patience, I think I can prove to you that you are the robber, and I the restitutor."

"Come, Muscadello, my friend, I do believe you are a pessimist."

"The word has a sibilant sound. It is a hiss-word, and must be used in the every-day conversation of snakes. It is employed by robbers to cast a slur upon the critics of their fearful inhumanities."

The governor, in whose breast the new-born, silver-pinioned butterfly of joy was fluttering, had no reason for anger. He answered pleasantly.

"You are more than right, Giuseppe. When a fellow puts up an argument so high that I cannot reach it, I always call him a pessimist. It fixes him. He generally crawls under the table."

"How true them words was spoke!" quoted the robber. "Reminds one of the beautiful song, 'As Down into Our Boots We Go.' That part of virtue called moral courage seems to be the first that vanishes; physical courage goes next, then the nation. Look at Rome—but I have no time to lecture off the subject; I am going to close out what I know at a bargain, and put up the shutters. First, look at results: three million children starving to death, their parents not much better off except in being used to it. Able-bodied men leaving by the thousands for America. The direst poverty pervading Italy from

one end to the other; a loaf of bread costing three-fourths of a day's work. Government monopoly of salt; the people fined or imprisoned for using sea water in which to cook vegetables. The soldiery reduced to such inferiority that Abyssinia's savage warriors knocked the stuffing out of them. On the other hand, the greatest luxury and extravagance. The monopolies of money, land, goods, transportation, and salaries remain solid and intact. The nation issuing bonds, while the politicians shriek prosperity. Debts of all kinds steadily increasing. Thousands of orators, writers, etc., bribed by their positions to deal in nothing but optimism."

"Wait," cried the governor; "is this not what Annita meant when she called me 'procurer for human fiends'?" The man's face was drawn and haggard.

"Don't take it so hard, my governor. We are most of us in it. The public schools, rostrums, newspapers—everything—have fooled us; we have been led by authority founded upon instinct, instead of reason. You are not idiotized as many of them are. Why, the college professors tell an admiring *clientèle* that a bag of gold placed out in the field will soon begin to flax around, cultivate the land, and reap the harvest."

"Where did you get your political economy?"

"In the hard and bitter school of poverty. Nothing teaches like a little practice. I felt the result, and reasoned backwards to the cause."

"And the cause is what?"

"Special privilege founded upon law. Men are not so far apart in ability to earn a living; some excel in one thing, some in another; but, the moment legal monopoly and its corollaries step in, the curse begins."

"The terror of the situation," said the governor, "must be acknowledged; but what is to be done?"

"Teach man what might be. In my younger days I saved means to aid the Revolution, but at the first chance I shall scatter it among the class from which it was originally taken. I now see the folly of forcible revolt; it is but a change of masters. Although slow to work, the reason of man is bad to beat. We shall finally reason our way out. Every day more men are beginning to see that the non-producers of useful things give no equivalent that our great inventions are simply aids to man-killing or money-making (same thing), and are of no practical value as regards the happiness of mankind; that labor is despoiled of nine-tenths of its earnings to support the useless workers and the absolutely idle. Teach laborers that they never, as a rule, receive more than one-fifth of what they earn, and that half of that one-fifth is taken from them by the various methods of taxation. It is not so hard to teach the average man, once awaken his interest, the *modus operandi*. But the main and most important thing to preach and stick to is that Utopia is simply common sense, while present conditions are idiocy and insanity combined."

"I begin to see what you are driving at," said the governor. "You hold that our reasoning is founded on fake premises, and our present actions on false and unwholesome conditions. But what can be done?"

"We must do what we can," returned Muscadello. "We must teach and prove that the most delightful paradise for all gentle souls will be the final result of applied reason. Under free conditions a few hours' labor per day would bring health, luxury, and brotherhood."

"But can this Utopia of yours ever be brought about?" queried the magistrate.

"Did you ever feel the pangs of hunger?" questioned the robber. "I have—three days at a time—when chased by your precious cutthroats. It is not very nice. In yonder dark valley hundreds of little innocent children, reduced to scarecrows, are tossing sleepless on their sordid beds, their parents enduring both mental and physical anguish to the uttermost. Death stalks among them, feasted by disease that springs from insufficient nourishment. And this is a richly-cultivated, fertile land. Does it look reasonable? Is it common sense? No. Cannot Man, the reasoner, adapt himself to this beautiful planet, where the insect, with only instinct to guide him, has found happiness and plenty? It is preposterous to claim that he cannot. He has the power to eliminate all noxious things, and would have done so long ago, had he not been trying to get the best of his fellow or defending himself therefrom. But the precursors of the more enlightened race have already appeared—Tolstoï the Giant, Morris the Genius, and a thousand others. Have I convinced you that something should and can be done?"

"Well, I know one thing, sure. I am going to quit. I have been procurer for the man-compellers long enough; all my life I have made things worse for the people instead of better. I should be shot."

The Restitutor put his arm over the governor's shoulders and exclaimed: "You noble fellow! Fly the coop. Come with me to the mountains, and taste for a little while, at least, the reviving air of freedom and virtue. The loveliest and most intelligent woman in all Italy awaits you."

The governor hesitated but a moment. "I will do it," he said. "Just wait a bit till I change my necktie. Annita does not like red."

WILLIAM WALSTEIN GORDAK.

A Lesson in Politics.

["Life."]

"That, my son, is the doctrine of *laissez faire*."

"But is it not a reasonable doctrine, father?"

"Theoretically. Government is a practical matter."

"And the doctrine of *laissez faire* is not practical?"

"Far from it. Let us take an instance. Free trade is *laissez faire*. But with free trade there would be no tariff barons, and with no tariff barons what would become of the Republican party, and constructive statesmanship, and the national honor, and destiny? Graft is the vital element in politics, my son, and there is no graft in *laissez faire*. It is only as the law meddles in business, or threatens to meddle, that campaign funds are possible, and without campaign funds the triumph of righteous principles is at best problematical."

Inferiority.

["Life."]

Their boy's profound dejection when he came back from school led them at once to suspect the worst.

"Then you are not included in the roll of honor?" they exclaimed, striving to conceal their emotion.

"Alas, no," faltered the boy, in a quavering voice. "The rules this year provide that an honor pupil must have been inoculated with at least twelve different serums, and I have been inoculated with but ten."

Inwardly the man and woman cursed the wretched poverty that had brought them this new humiliation.

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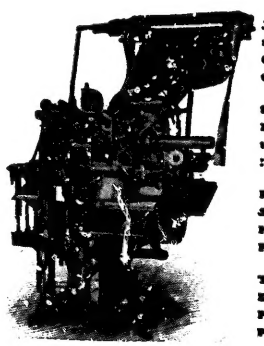

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for
Acquiring Languages

Edited by

ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

The Ideophonic Texts are designed to furnish abundant material for forming those myriad associations of mental and organic processes which constitute the acquisition of languages. The *ideas* are presented by means of the native language of the student, and the *sounds* of the foreign language by means of the Universal Alphabet of the International Phonetic Association, as shown in the reduced facsimiles below.

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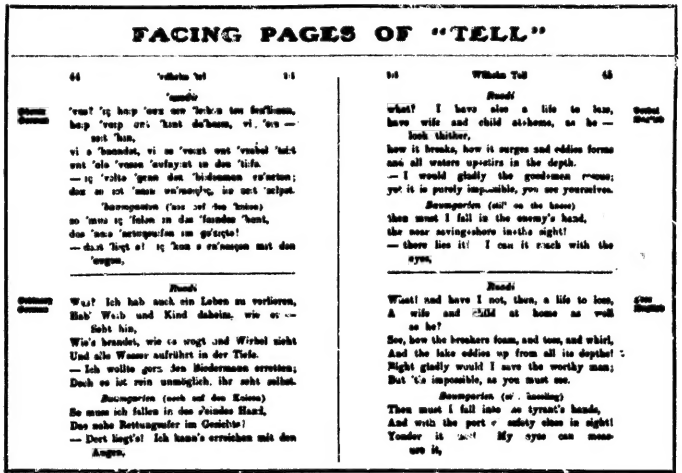
"And to make the reading and understanding of it the less tedious and difficult to him, let him help himself if he please with the English Translation. Nor let the Objection that he will then know it only by rote, fright any one. This, when well consider'd, is not of any Moment against, but plainly for this Way of learning a Language. For Languages are only to be learned by rote."

Edmond Demolins:

"In short, the only practical and rapid way of learning a language is to store in the memory as many words and phrases as possible. By the time a pupil has read and understood — which is easy with a translation — twelve or fifteen volumes of Latin, he knows Latin."

FACING PAGES OF "TELL"



Henry Sweet:

"Phonetics is almost as old as civilization itself . . . It is the unphonetic, not the phonetic methods that are an innovation."

Paul Passy:

"I was disagreeably surprised to observe that in American schools, as almost everywhere in France, they make use, from the very start, of the German characters, so embarrassing to beginners, and which there is every advantage in not taking up till later on."

Benjamin Ide Wheeler:

"Words are not words without context, motive, and life."

For WHAT
Remarkable

For Its Fundamental Principle
that languages are to be learned quite as much by Practice as by Theory: that *ideas* and *sounds*, to become sufficiently *associated* in the mind, must actually be *present* in the mind — in the right combinations — *over*, and *over*, and *over again*.

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For Its Four Parallel Texts
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For Its Phonic German Text
giving the *exact pronunciation and stress* of each word as spoken *in the particular context in which it occurs*. Pronunciations as commonly given in text-books, grammars and dictionaries, are not only few in number and inexact, but arbitrary: *fitted to no particular context*.

For Its Ordinary German Text
corresponding *line for line* and *word for word* with the phonic German text, and printed in large, clear roman type.

For Its Verbal English Text,
a word-for-word rendering, corresponding *line for line* with the ordinary German and phonic German texts: enabling the student or instructor to find at a glance *the literal meaning of each word in the particular context in which it occurs*.

For Its Free English Text
giving *the general idea and spirit* of the German, and often a literal rendering of the lines.

The Study of Modern Languages in Boston, Mass.

(From *Le Maître Phonétique* for March, 1902)

The publication of the Ideophonic Texts for Acquiring Languages . . . shows a zeal at once rare and determined in the teaching of languages by the phonetic method. On the two facing pages appear four parallel texts of the subject-matter: a phonic foreign text, an ordinary foreign text, a word-for-word rendering of the text, and a free rendering of the text. The sounds of any language are taught by means of the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association. Students of phonetic systems are to be congratulated that the editor has not followed the usual custom of inventing a new system which they have to practice on before really starting in.

October, 1900 JAMES GEDDES, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Boston

UNIVERSAL ALPHABET

In this table, the letters representing the *voiceless* consonants, that is, the sounds produced without vibration of the vocal cords, are enclosed in curves ( ).

ORGANS	Lips	Gums	Palate	Veil	Uvula	Throat
Wholly closed, then opened	p(p)	t(t)	ʃ(c)	ɟ(k) ɑ(q)		(ʔ)
Nose passage open	m(m)	n(n)	ɲ(ɲ)	ŋ(ŋ)		
Open at sides (of tongue) only		l(l)	ʎ(ʎ)	l(l)		
Trilled		r(r)			ʀ(ʁ)	ʕ
So close as to produce friction	v(v) v(f)	z(z) ʒ(ʒ) ð(θ) ʃ(ʃ)		ɣ(ɣ)		ħ(ɦ) (h)
	Rounded		ɥ(ɥ)	w(ɯ)		
			j(ʝ)	ɰ(x)		
Very close	Rounded		y ɥ	ɯ		
			i ɨ	ɯ		
Close	Rounded		ʏ	ʊ		
			ɪ	ɯ		
Half close	Rounded		ø ɸ	o		
			e ɤ	ʏ		
Half open	Rounded		œ ɞ	ɔ		
			ɛ ɔ	ʌ		
Open			æ ɒ			
Very open			a ɑ			

: denotes that the *preceding* sound is relatively *long*
' denotes that the sounds just *after* it are relatively *loud*.
~ denotes that the sound under it is *nasal*, or produced with the passage from throat to nose open.

[denotes that the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *high*.
] denotes it is the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *low*.
/ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *rises*.
\ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *falls*.

For WHOM
Designed

For All Students of German,
whether having private or class instruction, or studying by themselves only, who wish to *start right*, not start wrong, to be *continuously helped and corrected*, not continuously hindered and led astray, to proceed *rapidly*, not at a snail's pace, and to try the theory that *practice makes perfect*.

For All Teachers of German
(whether teaching "Tell" or not) who know that German can be acquired only by covering *an enormous amount of ground*; and who know, therefore, that their duty is to furnish their pupils with the most refined and powerful instruments for self-instruction which can be obtained. If not adopted as a regular text-book, this volume may be used as a *supplementary* text.

For All Students whose Pronunciation is Bad:
and the pronunciation of English-speaking students *is apt to be very bad*.

For All Teachers who are Uncertain as to Pronunciation
or rendering, or who have a local or imperfect pronunciation, and *who want standard guides*, such as the phonic text and the word-for-word rendering *for their own use* at home or in the class.

For All Students who Read Aloud:
and should students not read aloud more or less: in class and out?

For All Teachers of German Phonology
who now confine their teaching to mere elementary theory, for lack of *accurate and practical texts* on which to set students to work finding things out for themselves.

For All Students of General Phonetics and Philology,
who are interested in the structure of the German language.

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